Vol. V. Numb. 51.

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Descent's *being ſtill in* Torbay. *A Story from* Hungerford, *in* Berkſhire. *An Old Song, New Vampt by the* Country-man. *Another Story from St.* Martins *in the* Fields. *The Reaſons of the* Tack, *and why the* Tackers *ſtrive to Embroil the Nation. The Advantage of* Rebellion *to particular Perſons. Remarks on the* Review. *Of the* Swedes *Invading* Saxony.

From Saturday September the 7th, to Wednesday September the 11th, 1706.

ntry-m. AH! Maſter, my Heart is e'en broke; the *Deſcent* is ſtill in *Torbay*.

Obſ. Never break thy Heart about that Buſi- There's no *Treachery* in the Caſe, I had her have 30 Thouſand Men kept from their y by the Immediate Hand of *Providence*, n have one ſingle Company betray'd or loſt the *Treachery* or *Cowardice* of an Officer. s time is always the beſt, and that time we ſt wait whether we will or no, you do ſo in ſons for your *Corn*, *Herbage* and *Fruit*. Who command the Elements but he that made ?

Country-m. Maſter, I know that: But I want hear of more People *Bewitch'd*, of more *Fight-* and *Killing*, and *Slaying* of *Frenchmen*, be- ſe that Kills our *High-Flyers* and *Tories* at me. Obſerve, Maſter, the Weekly-Bills of *tality*, after the Accounts of every Victory, you'll find 'em encreas'd wonderfully, and Power added to the Article of the *Spleen*. is brings into my mind a Chomical Story of reat Swinging *High-Flyer*, the Head of the *ern Clan* of *Tackers*: He's a ſtrange ſort of *ortal*; he'll eat *Snuſh* as a *Rabbit* does *Bran*; lodges a whole Dunghil of it about his *Snout*, has a *Tongue* as long as a *Woodpeckers*, with ich he licks it into his *Chaps*; he lives at ething *Bradley* in the *Weſt*, I am ſure 'tis e where, and the Place ſignifies nothing.

This Eminent Perſon would not ſtay in wn to thank God with our Good Queen on laſt *Thankſgiving-Day*, but went Homewards, lodg'd the Night before the *Thankſgiving Hungerford* in *Berkſhire*, he look'd as Sowre as e had been Baptiz'd with *Vinegar*, and was Peeviſh as a *Sick Monkey*. When he came to Inn, at the Sign of the *Bear*, juſt ſuch ano- Handſome Creature as himſelf, he call'd the Man of the Houſe, and aſk'd him *What s?* Quo' the Landlord, *Brave News, Sir, we e beat the* French, *for which we are to keep a of* Thankſgiving *to Morrow*. Quo' Sir *ker, D——n'ye, you Dog, is that Good News? are one of the* Whiggiſh *Dogs I'll warrant it*. put the ſame Queſtion to the Servants, and eived the ſame Anſwer, for which he Curs'd heartily, call'd the Fellows *Rogues*, and Wenches *Whores*, and behaved himſelf more e a *Brute* than a *Man*, for his *High Flying* rit being ſorely Oppreſt, it muſt have ſome nt.

About the middle of the Night he Knock'd d Bounc'd in his Chamber as if it had been ſieſt with a parcel of *Furies*, rais'd the whole uſe, the Gueſts cou'd'nt Sleep for'n, and he rſt and Damn'd every Body. Before he went away he call'd for his Bill, which came to Twelve Shillings and Six-Pence, which he reckoning to be Extravagant, he threatened to ſend the Landlord for a *Soldier*, and ordered his Servants to ſeize him, at which the Landlord ſaid, *Stop there, Sir* Edward, *'tis not come to that yet; if you or your Men lay Hands on me I'll knock you on the Head*. Sir *Ned* not caring to give any Proof that he had Brains, talk'd no more of the *Soldier*, but abated the Landlord Two Shillings and Six-Pence of his Bill, as he did the poor *Hoſtler* Six-Pence of his Bill of Half a Crown.

He was very Generous to the Servants, he gave 'em more Curſes than Pence, not one ſingle *Sous* among 'em all. But he was pretty Civil to the Wenches, and left a ſmall Token behind for 'em in his Chamber, for when they came up Stairs to clean his Kennel, they found three great T——ds, and by their Poſture, they deem'd their Gueſt to ha' been ſome over-grown *Ram-Cat*, for the T——ds were Neatly cover'd, one with a *Pillow-bear*, the others with two *Napkins*; now it ſeems the Bells rung early that Morning, and 'tis ſuppos'd his *Tacking* Worſhip was ſo affrighted at the Sound, remembering the Occaſion, that it made him drop his Dung. Here's a *High-Flying Tacker* for you.

Oh rare Edward *of* Bradley! *Oh rare* Edward *of* [Bradley!
And a Queen *without Friends looks ſadly, Oh looks* [*ſadly, Oh!*
Oh fine Edward *of* Bradley! *Oh fine* Edward *of* [Bradley!
And a Knave *without* Fools *looks badly, Oh, looks* [*badly, Oh!*
Oh brave Edward *of* Bradley! *Oh brave* Edward [*of* Bradley!
And a Tacker *he acts Madly, Oh acts Madly, Oh!*
Oh brave Roger *of* Covely! *Oh rare* Roger *of* [Covely!
And the Queens *good Friends looks Lovely, Oh!* [*Looks Lovely, Oh.*

Maſter, don't I Sing *Extrumpore* very well? I'll Sing with any Body, either with *Tobias Langdon* at *Exeter*, or the great Chanting *Stentor* at St. *Pauls*, I don't care who 'tis with.

Obſ. Roger, thine is a Shitten Story, and it looks like the Man and his *Party*. 'Tis the hardeſt Meat the *Tacking-Clergy* are ty'd to in this Reign, to rejoyce at thoſe Succeſſes which are the Ruin of their *Cauſe*, but we having little Buſineſs on our Hands, we may tell Stories, and therefore I will nick thine with one of the ſame Nature.

When the Accounts came over of the great and wonderful Victory of *Ramelly*, a *Miniſter of State*

State sent his Servant to the *Parish-Priest* of St. *Martins*, (that *Church* being nearest *White-Hall*) with an Account of that great Advantage over the *French Troops*, when the Servant told him his Message how many Men we had Kill'd, how many taken Prisoners, what Towns had Surrender'd, *&c.* in order that the Bells might be rung on so extraordinary an Occasion, at the Relation the *Doctor* was struck all on a Lump, his Countenance chang'd as Pale as his *Surplice*, and he stood like an Image of Chalk. He was then Drinking with some Gentlemen who seem'd pleas'd at the good News, and one of the Gentlemen drank to the Person that brought it, but the *Doctor* being pretty well recovered of the *Hyppo*, took care to intercept the Glass, and would not let the Servant have one drop of *Wine* for such extraordinary Intelligence; and it was observ'd, that the Bells at St. *Martins* were not rung till half the Bells about Town were a ringing.

Country-m. Master, if the *Doctor* had no *Money* in his Pocket he might ha' given the Gentleman a *Play-House Ticket*, he had enough of 'em about him at that time to dispose of.

Obs. 'Tis our misfortune to have such a *Wresty, Disloyal Generation* of *Men* among us as that of the *Tackers*, who repine at our *Successes* Abroad, and at our *Peace* at Home. Neither the Blessings of *Heaven*, nor the Pious Example of the best of *Queens*, can oblige them to their Duty: When Her *Majesty* and all Her good People *Rejoyce*, they *Grumble*, when She and Her People are for *Peace* and *Union*, then they are for creating *Feuds* and *Animosities*.

What was the meaning of the *Tack*, but a Design to put the Nation into a Flame, first to take away the *Free Birth-Rights* of the *Dissenters*, in excluding their Votes at *Elections*, and the next thing that follow'd must have been the Repeal of the *Tolleration-Act*, next to that *Fines, Imprisonments*, and the Old Artifices of *Disunion*.

Now after all the Pretences of *High-Church* to *Loyalty* and *Passive-Obedience*, there are no People in the World more desirous of *Rebellion* than themselves, for they thrive by it. Could they Oppress the *Dissenters* so as to make 'em *Rebel*, they would gain their Ends thereby, they would come in for their Forfeited Estates, your Sir *Edward* of *Bradley* knows the sweets of *Rebellion* as well as any *Man* living; but the *Dissenters* are too *Wise*, too *Honest*, too *Loyal* as to give 'em any hopes of Advantage that way; the *Queen* is too *Just* as to Encourage those that expect to make their Fortunes by Publick Broils; and whilst we heartily joyn in Defence of the *Queen* and *Realm*, all the hopes of our Enemies will be frustrated.

Country-m. Amen, I pray God. —— Master *Review* has desired me to bring you a *Message* from himself.

Obs. What is it *Roger?* Has he sent me any of his *GOOD LAW* he has so often talk'd of?

Country-m. No, Master, but he has sent you an Invitation to *Peace* and *Union*, and says, *The Enemies of our* Country *laugh when you two differ.*

Obs. Let 'em Laugh their Hearts out 'tis all one to *John*. I don't write to make People Laugh or Cry, I write in Defence of the *Liberties* of *Englishmen*, when they are Invaded either by *Tories* or *Whigs*, there is no difference between *Whig-Slavery* and *Tory-Slavery*, between *Protestant* and *Popish-Slavery*, I never consider the *Man*, but his *Principles*.

Country-m. Well, but Master, he says, *If you will Dispute you must prove, That when an* Election *runs up into a Tumult, Battle and Blood, the Magistrates have no Power to come and part them, but must let the People Murder one another; and if then they Assault and Subdue the Magistrates, whether have not they a Right to call Troops of Horse, or any Body else to their Assistance?*

Obs. This is all *Shuffle*. I *Prove*, I am the *Opponent*. I han't yet forgot the *Laws* of *Disputation*. He did assert formerly, *That Troops of Horse might keep the Peace at Elections*, for which I then took him up; he never gave any answer to what I then said, but tells me, *He hopes I am convinc'd, since that Paper of his was read in* Court, *at the* Trials *about the* Riot *at* Coventry, *and by the Gentlemen of the* Long-Robe *was esteem'd as* GOOD LAW. Now all that I desire of him is, That he will be Graciously pleas'd to give me a little Bit of his *GOOD LAW*; I have beg'd as heartily for it as any poor Starv'd Creature can do for a Bit of Bread, and is he not very uncharitable?

Country-m. But he says, he presumes, *You will not put him to the trouble of searching the Law Books.*

Obs. I presum'd he had done that before. For who could imagine any one should advance so dangerous a Position, the Consequence of which makes all *Englishmen Slaves*, without having Consulted those *Laws*, that [illegible] back his *Assertion*.

Country-m. He says *He quoted Mr.* Baron Price also, *and all your answer is, You do not know him.*

Obs. That was not all; this is something worse than *Shuffling*. I said I would oppose Mr. *Baron Price*, or *Baron any Body* on this Head; and let him produce *Baron Price*'s Opinion under his Hand, *That 'tis Law to keep the Peace at* Elections *with Troops of Horse*, then see what I'll say to him.

Country-m. Well, Master, I would have you agree, says you have *both* of you better Work before you Quarrelling.

Obs. I am satisfy'd he may find better Work than mining down the *English Constitution*, but I can find no better Work than in defending *it*; that is my propos'd Labour; that is the End for which I have Written, and Write.

But, *Roger*, if Men differ in Opinion, must that be called Quarrelling? I only desire fair Play, *GOOD LAW* instead of *Good Words*. Mr. *Reveiws Politicks* and mine differ the most of any. He says, *The* Hungarians *Treacherous and Perfidious*; I say they are a Brave People and in Arming themselves for the Recovery of their Rights they have done no more than what we All did, or should have done upon the *Revolution*.

He's much Concern'd at the *Swedes* Intentions of Invading *Saxony*; and says, *He hopes all the* Protestant Powers *of* Europe *will be mov'd to take that People into their Protection.* Now I hope quite otherwise; for since they did not take the King of *Sweden* into their Protection, when he was Treacherously Invaded by the *Poles* and *Saxons*, afterwards by the *Muscovites*, I hope they will suffer him to take that Satisfaction as is due to an Injur'd Prince, and I hope this must not be call'd Quarrelling. I have certainly as much a Right to give my Opinion of *Publick Affairs* as any other *Englishman*.

Country-m. Come, Master, here's a Good Health to the King of *Sweden* and the *Hungarians*.

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